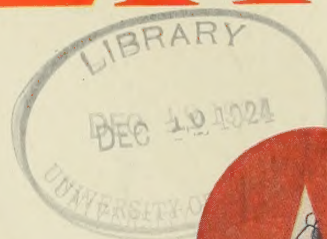


VOLUME V

TORONTO. DECEMBER. 1924

NUMBER 6

GOPHIN



*"A Friend loveth at all times,
and a Brother is born for adversity"*

PRICE
20¢

K. Stenning

Soon ~

?

Mail & Empire

Subscription Rates
One Year.
312 Issues.

By mail in Canada,
\$5.00. By mail out-
side of Canada, \$7.00.
Delivered by carrier
in Toronto, Hamilton
or London, \$6.00.



there will be
that age old
problem
of

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Are you going to display the same startling originality you showed last year? Hanky for Ma, slippers for the Guv'nor, an unwearable tie for brother Bill and a most horrible string of near pearls for Aunt Sadie.

And you remember how you got squashed all out of shape in the last-minute crowds while doing your Christmas shopping?

SERIOUSLY. Why not give presents which will be a source of joy to the recipients for one entire year! You know the Guv'nor's slippers won't last long and Bill probably won't have the nerve to wear that tie!

HERE'S THE ANSWER

Send us your list of names and we'll solve your Christmas problems for you. No gift is more appreciated than a subscription to The Mail & Empire, and just think of the work it saves you!

It will make its first friendly entrance on Christmas Morn, and continue throughout the year to bring joy to the recipient and kind thoughts of the donor.

The Mail and Empire

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

-for Safety's sake



Father—When George takes you home next time you must bid him good-night at once.

Daughter—Why, dad? I'm sure we are always very quiet.

Father—Yes, but the silence is oppressive.—*Yale Record.*

G—G—G

Milly—I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world.

Billy—Of course not. You'd be killed in the rush.

—*Pelican.*

G—G—G

A Frosh, who had earned a prep school reputation for his skill in debate, was recently engaged in a hot argument at a Philo tryout, and called his opponent an ass. This, he knew, was unparliamentary, and he was requested to withdraw the statement. Following the instructions from the presiding officer, he arose and said:

"I withdraw the language I used, Mr. Chairman, but I still insist that such an appellation was justifiable."

"Then, if I am not an ass," triumphantly asked the opponent, "what am I?"

"Probably a veterinary surgeon can tell you," retorted the Frosh.

—*Punch Bowl.*

G—G—G

Wasted Courtesy!

The westbound trolley was crowded with eager football enthusiasts when a very slim freshman rose politely, tapped a stout lady on the elbow and said most kindly:

"Won't you please take my seat, madam?"

"Thank you so much," she promptly replied. She then turned around to occupy the vacant place, and asked:

"Just where did you get up from, sir?"

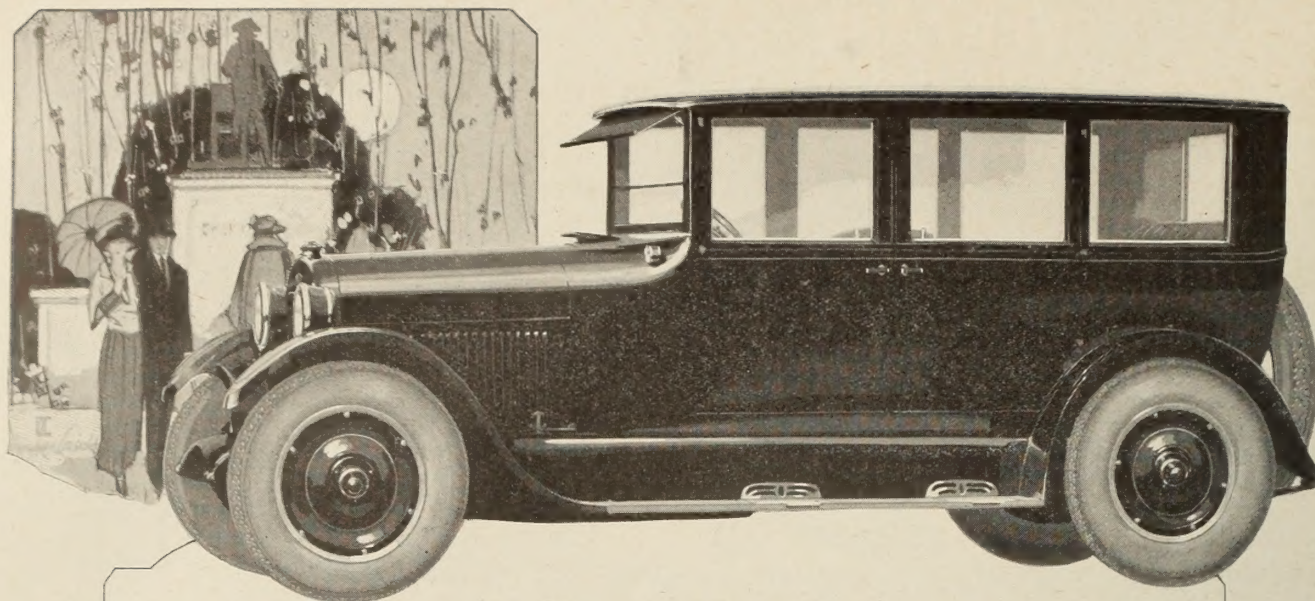


He (to fair stranger): "Pardon me, miss, but do you speak Swiss?"

She: "No, indeed. Why?"

He: "Neither do I. Let's get acquainted—that's one thing we already have in common."

—*Punch Bowl.*



REO

The Gold Standard of Values

Genuine balloon tires, plus many famous Reo features, put more comfort, more safety, more economy and more reliability into motor-ing, and—combined with the high-powered 6-cylinder engine truly emphasize Reo as “The Gold Standard of Values.”

The 5-Passenger Sedan is one of the five Reo high-powered six-cylinder passenger cars.

Beauty of line matches with interior refinement and comfort qualities.

Reo Motor Car Co.
of Canada, Limited
Windsor, Ontario

THERE are balloon tires for easier riding and safer driving. Low pressure air cushions the car and occupants by making the tires absorb the road shocks. Greater tire-to-road contact prompts quick, skid-free brake action; allows caterpillar ease in climbing out of ruts and traveling through sand and mud.

There is the double-frame mounting of power units, by which engine, transmission, radiator and electrical system are cradled low in the inner frame, in turn suspended in the main frame. It prevents the transmission of jolts and jars to vital parts,—promotes smoother driving action,—diminishes wear on the whole power line.

There is the dual foot control,—a marked safety feature. Left pedal throws out clutch and applies service brake at one operation; right pedal applies emergency brake. No hand lever to fumble for. Pedals are large, rubber-covered and quickly positive.

There are oversized, super-powerful brakes operating on the rear wheels. The bands are 15 inches in diameter, the faces $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, providing unusually large braking area in relation to car weight.

There is remarkable road sureness, due to the low hung chassis, the rational distribution of chassis weight and a low center of gravity of the front end assembly.

There is remarkable steering ease due to the distinctively Reo type of steering gear. Ideally suited for use on balloon-tired cars, it promotes effortless steering and easier parking.

Write for booklet
“Reasons for Reo”

The Goblin

Volume IV

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1924

Number 6



Cane and Able.

San Diego last year had the highest suicide rate in the country. No doubt each of the victims passed beyond murmuring, "California, where life was better!"

G—G—G

Cronies

To the limbo of forgotten things
Has gone Jake,
The genial bum who used to loaf
In front of the New Empress Hotel
Before Prohibition.

I used to wonder if he was lonely there
But last night I had a vision of him
And he was not lonely.
He was talking to the Cigar Store Indian.

—J. E. M.

Sweet young thing, in publishing house: "Where's the editor?"
Office Boy: "Makin' up."
S. Y. T.: "Fresh!"

G—G—G

English lady (in Toronto candy store): "Have you any really nice sweets?"
Blushing clerk: "We-ll, only one."

G—G—G

Bowlegged men often have great strength, says a medical authority. They need it to protect themselves from other people's humour.

Famous Houses

Rough ———.

—— maid.

Mr. ———.

—— of Lords.

OUR ———.

—— dog.

Bring down the ———.

—— breaker.

Bug ———!

—— that Jack built.

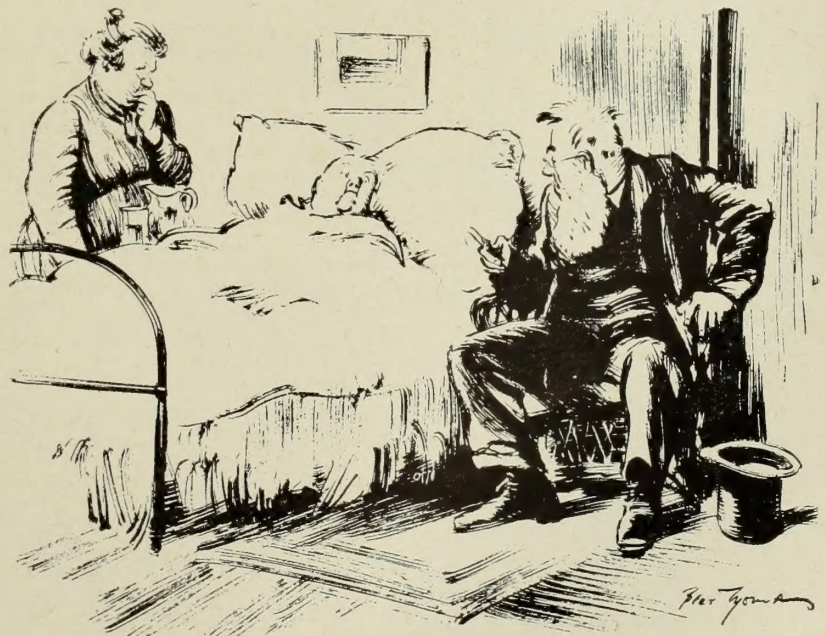
Full ———.

—— agent.

Mad ———.

—— on fire!

—W. H. F.



Meenister (doing his best for sick parishioner): "Man Donal, ye maist pu yersel' togither—ye ken the inheritance taxes."



"I understood you were a thought-reader, Miss Sharp."

"Palmistry is so much more reliable. I can see at a glance you have a palm."

Looking Back I Recall

1. Once when I was about ten years old I became violently ill, but my modesty made me protest against my being undressed and put to bed by one of my aunts, herself the mother of a large family. I remember the only argument that made me capitulate was when she said, "Nonsense, I've seen lots of little boys before!" As if that made any difference! Nevertheless I note that this is a form of reasoning that seldom fails to convince.

2. When I was eight I was taken by a relative to the Zoo, and had pointed out to me man's superiority over beast. I have, however, completely forgotten the nondescript person who took me, while the image of the gaunt, clean-limbed polar bear pacing his cage has remained indelibly upon my memory.

3. In my extreme youth, as to-day, I hated cold baths. My uncle Dave told me that if I took one every morning I would grow hair on my chest, an adornment I envied. To-day my faith in my uncle Dave would not permit me to lend him a quarter over the week end. One should be careful what one tells the young.

4. I was once an idealist. When I learned about Santa Claus I feared to destroy the faith of my play-

mates and stoutly defended his existence to them long after it was necessary. I soon found that I was gaining a reputation as a simpleton. Thereupon I devoted all my efforts to acquiring sophistication.

5. Referring to Santa Claus I may say that one Christmas I did actually see him. He was not my father either. He was dressed in the conventional red jacket and after filling the stockings disappeared up the chimney. When I told my family about it in the morning they were very much alarmed and forbade me to eat any plum pudding. It was on this same Christmas that I observed at dinner that the room had a decided tilt. Everyone was for calling a doctor but my uncle Jake who poured out some more Cherry brandy and said that I was quite right.

6. On my first day of school I fell in love with a chubby little girl of six. When I kissed her she told the teacher in front of the whole class. Since then I have always been very bashful with women, only kissing the ones whom I felt sure would not be so grateful.

7. Of all my teachers I loved but one. His name, I believe, was Boze, and he used to come around to the back door occasionally. He taught me how to make pipes out of acorns and how to spit.

—J. E. M.



He: "Sorry I'm late, dear. I was detained at a board meeting."
She: "I expect they were."

On Likes and Dislikes

As the old Spanish proverb has it: "We are most apt to like those who like us"—a natural reaction to our egotism. And to proceed a step, is it not equally true that we are also most apt to like those who like the same things that we like, whether those things be ourselves or what not? We admire ability, we respect efficiency, but what we like is quite another business. Those whose tastes are very different from ours are seldom our great friends; on the contrary, they are usually the very ones we assiduously avoid, for surely a sympathy for the same thing is one of life's most powerful connecting links. Thus, a particular group of persons cherishing a fondness for a given thing are likely to employ the same devices to achieve the desired end. Their method of action, the angle from which they view the very difficulties that beset them are conducive to the formation of a bond of the closest association. But dislikes are curiously intangible, due to the most infinitesimal trifles. A trick in one's manner, the constant use of a certain word or phrase, an unsympathetic touch to one's appearance are often sufficient to prejudice us for all time—creatures of conceit and superficiality that we are.

—Andre Saville.



"Mother says I'm not to see you any more. She says you're a bad egg."

"Oh, but in that case, don't you think it would be wiser not to drop me."

A Note on Nonsense

What would we do without it? Indeed, how could we continue? Surely it is the ray of sunlight that filters through the grayest sky—the sparkle

of gladness in the saddest countenance. Even in the gloomiest of creatures there is somewhere a touch of the absurd — so frequently, paradoxically enough, induced by the very gloom, itself. If Depression would gaze more often into the looking-glass, there would be less of it about. Nothing is so tragic that it cannot tolerate a grin. No, nothing. Not even our own, private tragedies. But come! This is no time for levity. There is the business of pleasure ahead. There is the job of joy and we must seriously investigate the matter.

—John Torcross.

G—G—G

If You Must Go South For the Winter—

do not begin wearing your straw hat before you leave.

do not send post-cards depicting yourself scaling a palm tree for cocoanuts. do not have to telegraph your bank to forward your last cent to cover your losses at roulette.

do not use the sun-burn lotion as a cocktail ingredient.

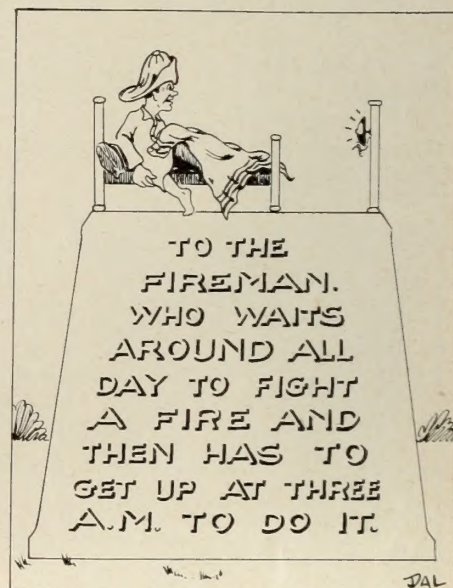
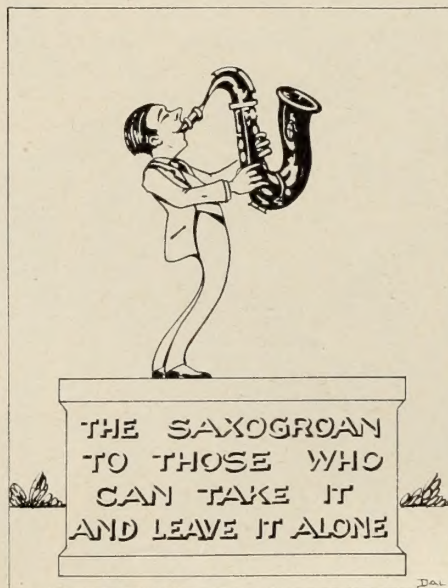
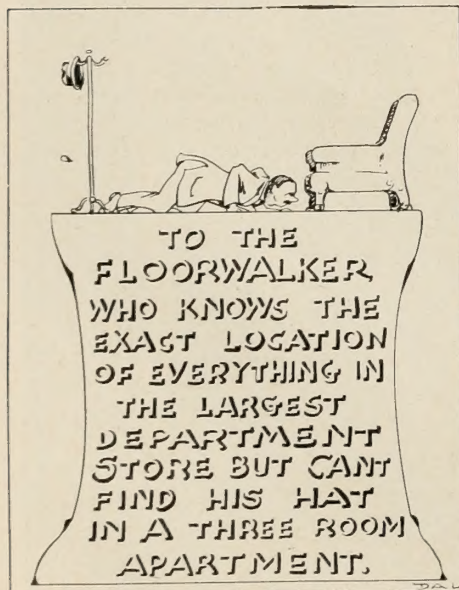
do not continually repeat the query, "Wonder how cold it is to-day at home."

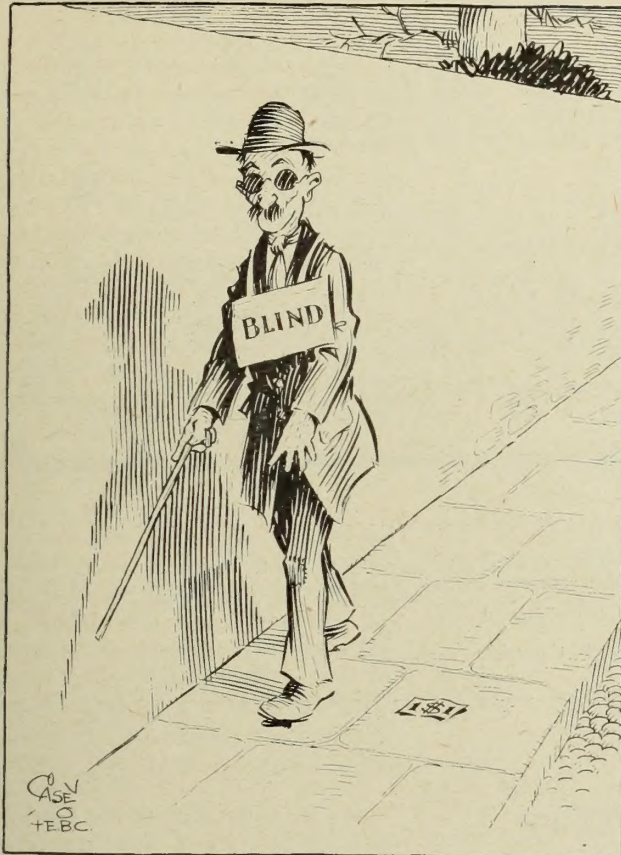
do not get arrested for transporting bootleg liquor on your way north.

If you *must* go south for the winter, do not be forever talking about it.

—John Torcross.

Jazz Epitaphs

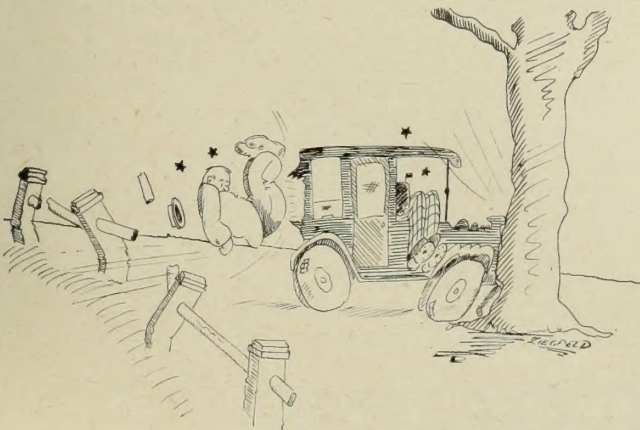




Passing the Buck

From a News Item

The monkeys in the New York Zoo
Chew gum.
They chew and chew and chew and *chew*
By gum.
Each day they start at it agin.
They do.
Oh, all the monkeys are not in
The Zoo.



Aeronautically Speaking: The lieutenant taxied across the field.

Some Observations

On age.—As time slips by and the years begin to crowd themselves upon me, I am far less disappointed at having missed something, and far more disappointed upon having indulged it.

Efforts.—For hours this morning I watched an army of ants construct an entire city.

This evening I dropped in at my club, and for hours I watched a group of players wrangle about a card table.

Urban Note.—You may rave as much as you please about the waves that dash against the rocks, about the wind that whistles through the forest, about the fire that crackles in the open hearth, yet tell me of a more soothing sound than that of taxi tires on wet asphalt.

Shattered dreams.—I have just been for a drive in an open hack—a drive through the city. Now, I am excessively fond of old-fashioned things, and as I closed my eyes, I fancied it was years ago — long before the days of motor cars, when life was an easy-going business. But suddenly my dream was broken by someone on the sidewalk shouting, "Hey! Look at the drunk! He's passed out!"

Relative values.—I glance through my morning paper, and note at the top of a certain page, in bold headlines, the account of a dinner given by a well-known bootlegger. In almost indistinguishable letters at the bottom, I read the announcement of the death of a great poet.

Pour Moi.—Give me a good dinner, with all those accessories and accoutrements the term "good" implies, a choice cigar, and a stimulating companion, and as for the remainder of the evening, I care not a whit what becomes of it.

The pathos of beauty.—Upon viewing an extremely beautiful object, I invariably experience a touch of melancholia.

In a rut.—For days we are weary, dejected, out of sorts. Nothing interests. The passing play fails to thrill. The web of ennui encompasses us. Then suddenly, one morning, we awaken with a new appreciation. The sun is shining and there is wine in the air. Things assume a definite magic; there is glamour all around us. Yet it is due to no apparent cause. It is merely that we have passed through a sort of psychological doldrum.

—Charles G. Shaw.





Vol. 5, No. 6
Dec., 1924

Published monthly by the Goblins, Limited, Mail Building, 272 Bay St., Toronto, Canada. Subscription \$2.25 per year in advance to any address in Canada and the U.S.A.; to Great Britain, \$2.60 a year; to foreign countries, \$2.65

a year. Manuscripts and drawings can be returned only when sufficient postage is enclosed. The editor reserves the right to make alterations as he sees fit in all manuscripts submitted.

20c a copy
\$2.25 a year

Managing Editor — Keith Crombie

Reactionaries

SOME years ago it was a popular belief amongst the older generation that young people passed through a stage when they "knew it all," and that this stage accounted for the radical and ultra-liberal ideas at that time promulgated by the then younger generation. The older generation needed some such hope as this to buoy them up and give them courage for the future, for they could not understand the youth of the times who left them awestruck with their fearsome political ideas.

They believed, or professed to believe, that the youngsters would get over their weird notions and become respectable members of society like their elders.

In this they were wrong. No true radical ever recants. Once the socialistic virus gets into the veins of a man he is as incurable as a professional reformer. In England the young rebels of the 'nineties didn't reform; they were the members of ex-Premier MacDonald's recent cabinet—much good it did them.

Similarly, in Canada, the boys who, twenty years ago, made the oldsters fearful for the future of the

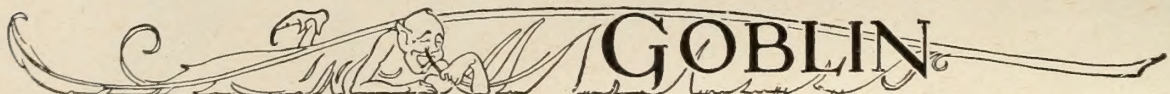
country, have in the last few years been working out their political destiny as members of the Progressive party, the left wing of the Liberals, the U. F. O., etc.

The British Empire, not to mention the rest of the world, is just now swinging out of an era of anti-conservatism which in England reached its peak with the accession of MacDonald to the post of Premier.

Radicalism looks like a spent force. If you want to meet a real reactionary, talk to some young man between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-six. He will express no enthusiasm for reform, either political or social, and more than likely he is an out-and-out exponent of the *laissez-faire* economic school.

It is not the conservative fathers and radical sons which cause family turmoils these days, but the radical fathers and the conservative sons.

A few more years shall roll and radicalism seems due to vanish, to transpose the words of Stephen Leacock, beyond the behind.



Notage Canadien

Doubt

It occurs to us to doubt the efficacy of the present rage for investigations which seriously threatens to back the cross-word puzzle craze out of its rightful place in the forefront of the public mind. In time, like all dissipations, it is certain to bring about a general lowering of morale and a destruction of faith. The practice of playing nine pins with the popular idols tends to produce a more or less anarchistic attitude amongst the readers of the tabloid newspapers. In a properly-managed autocracy incipient investigations are taken care of and gently strangled while they are still incipient. The result is a widespread increase in faith culminating possibly in some such phenomenon as Deification of the Emperor and everybody is content. To-day people are finding out the Truth about themselves and the figures on suicides show an alarming increase. We suggest that a law be instituted making investigations illegal in an effort to restore the ancient peace of mind. The theory is at least worth investigating.

Birth Control enthusiasts are receiving scant support from the press. And what can they expect? Is the prospect of a world vastly overcrowded with prospective subscribers going to appeal to the harassed circulation managers as a bugaboo to substitute for private ownership or the Ku Klux Klan?

G—G—G

Political

It was shortly after he had made his epoch-marking speech on the tariff question that we first met him face to face. He was standing in the lobby surrounded by a large group of admirers whose eager faces showed that they were unwilling to let escape one of the words that fell so easily from his gifted tongue. Surely, we thought, any man who has the power to draw men to him informally with such force has that illusive quality, Personality, and is marked as one of Nature's gifted ones. As we approached we strained our ears to catch the magic words.

"Yes," he was saying, "take an ordinary quart of native wine and

then an ounce, just an ounce, mind you, of pure alcohol. Add a few raisins and . . ."

We left disgusted, not bothering to hear the rest. Any man who had so little originality was not for us.

G—G—G

Programme

Our modern censorship is a lovely thing. By carefully shielding the public from all evil influences in the course of time the public will become 100 per cent. pure. Everyone will go about thinking and uttering only the most sublime conceptions. Everyone, that is, except the censors who will have been exposed all this time to the evil urge. Then it will be time to incarcerate them in some safe place where they cannot contaminate the world and oh, what a nice place to live in this world will be then!

G—G—G

From a Journal of a Disappointed Lothario

January 5.—Dined at the Snubbleton's, and sat next to a Miss Jones. After my fifth glass of Pommery, I realized she was an extremely lovely thing. Told her the truth about life, and suggested that I escort her home. She said "No." Have never seen her since.

January 17.—Sat opposite a pretty black-eyed doll in a St. Catherine St. car. Felt convinced that I should have known her. Began a fascinating conversation that was wholly unappreciated. She summoned the conductor, who threw me out at Bleury St.

February 3.—Went for a stroll about 9 p.m. Every star out. Full moon. Air like wine. Observed a little lady of no uncertain charm who looked lonely. Extended her an invitation to gossip over a cup of coffee. She muttered something about calling a policeman, and struck me with a loaded umbrella.

February 19.—Lunched at little restaurant near Phillips Square. During the fish course, a willowy blonde entered and sat at nearby table. Unable to remove my gaze. Couldn't eat a thing. Smiled sweetly at her, but she failed to observe me. Repeated.

Finally rose from chair, and approached her table. Asked if I might have the pleasure of joining her. She hurled the mayonnaise sauce at me.

March 9.—Dropped in at moving-picture theatre to see "The Lure of Love." After much difficulty, found a seat. Next to a perfect little "dream." Suggested that we take a spin through the Park. Thirty seconds later I was in the street—but alone. I had failed to observe the stalwart escort on her left.

Note:—I have come to the conclusion that this is not the Romantic Age.

G—G—G

Speaking of Circumstantial Evidence (According to a young man about town)

Nineteen splits of White Rock and three bottles of Peter Dawson (all empty) One pocket-book containing three nickels, seven hat-checks, four boxes of paper matches, two theatre stubs and a lip-stick . . . One straw hat minus the brim . . . eight cigarette boxes (seven empty, the eighth containing two cigarettes) . . . One supper restaurant menu, bearing on the back an illegible list of female names with telephone numbers . . . Two musical comedy programmes . . . One coat, with sleeves turned inside out (under the bed) . . . One pair of trousers (dangling from chandelier) . . . Two broken bottle-openers . . . One splitting head.

—John Torcross.

G—G—G

An Interesting Situation

Sturgeon Falls town council have instructed their chief of police not to enforce the Ontario Temperance Act. An interesting situation arises. Will the government think it worth while stationing provincial men in the town to prevent beer-drinking or will they not? If they do, they are establishing a dangerous precedent, for other communities might very well follow the lead of Sturgeon Falls and the province might eventually find itself doing all the work of the Act. If they don't, it is a tacit admission that any community which doesn't want the O. T. A. may dispense with it.

Compromise

I STOOD the florist shop before
(And I was very hungry).
And pondered all her beauty o'er:
How she was fair,
How she was rare
(And I was very hungry).

A bunch of posies cost one bone
(And I was very hungry).
And that was all that I did own.
But she was sweet
And she was neat
(And I was very hungry).
I spent my last upon that bunch
(Though I was very hungry)
And went up to her place for lunch
For she could shake
A wicked steak
(And I was very hungry!)

G—G—G

Quite Different

It is estimated that one out of every hundred persons in Washington is a bootlegger. Quite different is the situation in one of the Canadian border towns where it is estimated that one out of every hundred persons is not a bootlegger.



American in London: "Got two seats near the front on the aisle?"

Box-Office Man: "Beg pardon!"

American in London: "Got two seats near the front on the aisle?"

Box-Office Man: "Aw, you mean two stalls near the pit on the promenade!"



Julius Sees Her!

A Standard Entry Form

SO MANY painful errors have marred the peace of little evening gatherings in the last few years that it has been suggested that in the case of the lad who at the last moment telephones his hostess and suggests that he bring along a Very Close Friend that it has been proposed that a Standard Entry Form be adopted for such occasions. The following is the form which is expected to prove popular:

ENTRY FORM FOR BRIDGE AND GIN CONTEST TO BE HELD AT HOME OF—

Full name
Sober name
Do you drink anything?
If not name exceptions

(Anyone having more than three exceptions or specifying Florida Water, Shellac, or Herpicide will be penalized three beers at the start).

Under the effect of six or seven snorts I

Call Taxis
Sing Marcheta
Get ugly
Roll the bones
Weep
Borrow money
Go to sleep in my hostess' bed
Kiss the maid
butler

Collect souvenirs

(Mark actions that apply X. Or if preferred, XXX).

I solemnly swear that I have won no medals previously in standing broad, running high or long distance drinking and that I will positively not mention The O. T. A., pre-war cocktails, the girls my host used to know, J. A. McCausland or the times we used to have back in the dear old college days.

I will go home under my own steam.

—J.E.M.



The Maniac



New Version

Down at McGill University where Liberty is still something besides the name of a magazine, the chapter-houses of the various fraternities have more than their fair share of visitors from the American college chapters of their fraternities. It is generally suspected that the Quebec liquor laws have something to do with this. To fit the situation, "The Star-Spangled Banner" has been re-written. In its revised version, as sung at McGill, it starts:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,

The American brothers are still pretty tight."

G—G—G

Kindly Neighbor, to slightly deaf old gentleman: "How's the rheumatism, Henry? You ought to go to a chiropractor."

Deaf Old Gentleman: "Choir practice! Land sakes, Lindy, I got this-a-way learnin' to play the snare drum!"

G—G—G

"My wife tells me that she is all unstrung. What shall I do?"

"Send her a wire."

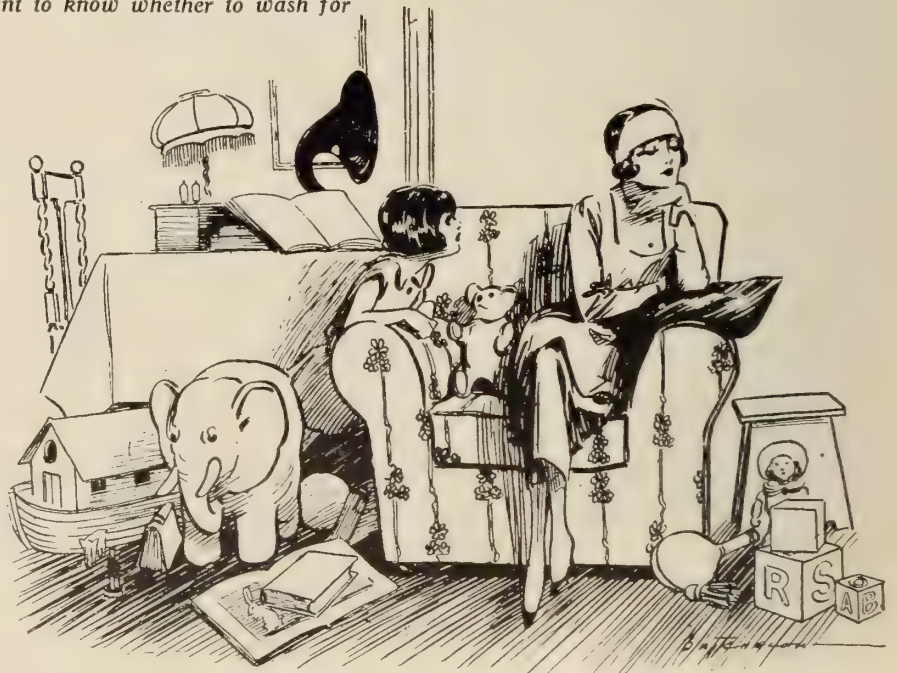
"Mummy, which frock shall I wear for the party?"
 "I don't know, dear—I must see which is the cleanest."
 "Will you find out now, Mummy, 'cos I want to know whether to wash for a square neck or a round one."

The Doubter

Eve in the tangled wood
 Sadly bewildered stood
 Tasting her luscious loot
 Of strange, forbidden fruit.
 In her mild fashion
 She learned of passion.

Venus within the dell
 Where young Adonis fell
 In her impassioned grief
 Maddened beyond belief....
 Sudden a frigid peace
 Bade all emotion cease.

Strange things in forests are
 Found by the wanderer
 But it has puzzled me
 How Eve and lovely V.
 If they were both so bare
 Stood the mosquitoes there.



Modern child of rich parents: "Ten dollars for your thoughts, nurse."



*There was a young fellow named King,
A premier under Lord Byng.
With the French and the farmers,
(His political charmers),
He couldn't go wrong on a thing.*

The Financial Editor Writes Up a Wedding

REFLECTING the increased earnings of the Smith-Scott Corporation during the past year were the heavy activities in St. George's Church yesterday, when Mr. Eugene Smith-Scott and Miss Eunice Dunkelman, of Dunkelman Carbide Products, were consolidated by the Rev. George McIntyre.

This amalgamation has been mooted for some time but according to street advices it was only upon bank assurances of everything being O. K. at the end of the last Smith-Scott fiscal year, that Dunkelman Senior, president of Dunkelman Carbide Products, withdrew his objection to the project.

Yesterday's special meeting saw a large number of the stock-holders of both organizations present, and it may be said that approval of the amalgamation was very generally expressed.

At the church the bridegroom opened weak but showed signs of strength toward the close. Miss Dunkelman maintained a firm tone throughout. Milton Weed, who acted as best man, was yesterday's only sensational performer. The general nervousness with which he was regarded was due to his previous absorption of Commercial Alcohol. He struck a high level during the day but slumped badly at the close and is considerably below par this morning.

The couple left for an extended trip in Europe, Mr. Smith-Scott announcing on departure that an attempt to float a general and refunding issue would be made immediately upon his return.

G—G—G

I Shall No More

I SHALL no more at twilight call to mind
Your well-loved smile nor ever any more,
Hearing regretful viols, shall I find
Pain in my heart and sadly ponder o'er
Our brave and hopeless words the day we parted.
I shall no more re-dream the wind-swept days
We made our reckless vows nor strive to see
Your dear, clear eyes shine through the gathering haze
Across the years, as was my wont when we
Wandered the world apart and heavy hearted.
'Tis not that I am faithless, that the long
Chill separation cooled my love that burned.
Yours was the sin, most damnable and strong,
For you returned. —J.E.M.



"Smash-up?"
"No, puncture."

Christmas

Turkey, poor relations, evergreens, tissue paper, plum pudding, snow, new neckties, church bells, children, punch-bowls, toys, dancing, log-fires, visitors, headaches, tin horns, nuts and raisins, holly, Santa Claus, babies, tinsel, candy, cards, sleighs, cheques, cranberry sauce, theatres, mince-meat pies, late hours, carols, rich uncles, grape-fruit cocktails, the radio, cigars, striped peppermint canes, anecdotes, Epsom salts.



"That's Popoffski, the medium. He believes in spirit return."

"So do I. I voted for it."

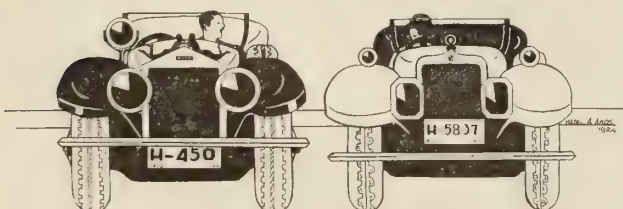
G—G—G

RECORD TRIP TO CUBA

HAVANA, Nov. 11.—The Ward liner Orizaba arrived here to-day from New York in 69 hours and 22 minutes, making a new speed record in the New York-Havana route, it was announced by the line.

—New York World.

That's nothing. Many a Belleville motor-boat has run to Havana, Cuba, and back in six hours.



He: "Gladys thinks I'm the salt of the earth."

She: "Oh, that's probably the reason she's always trying to shake you."



"Have you a pair of old boots, lady? Mine are so thin that if I trod on a penny I could tell if it was heads or tails."

Sure!

"Any good going to that factory for work?"

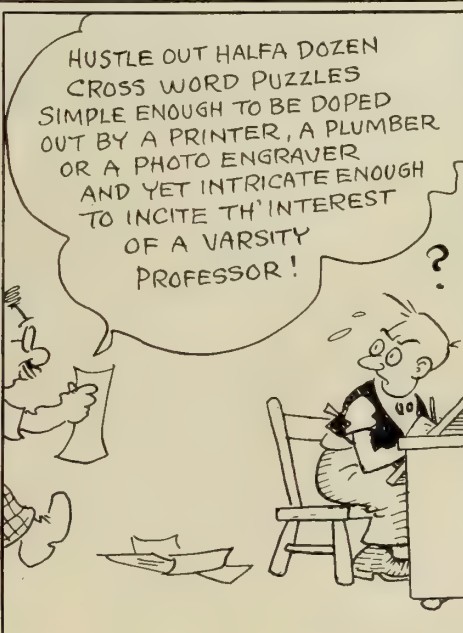
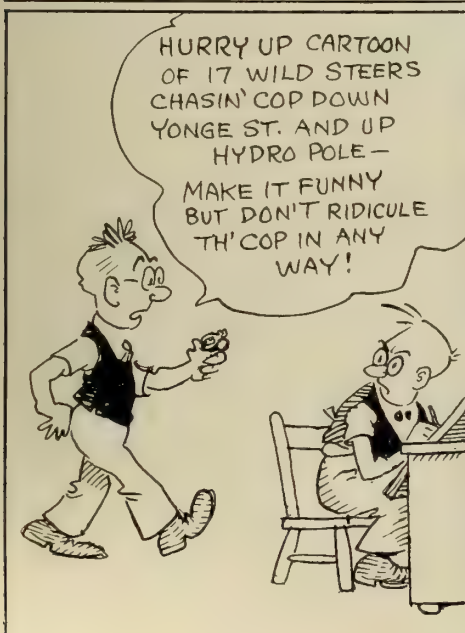
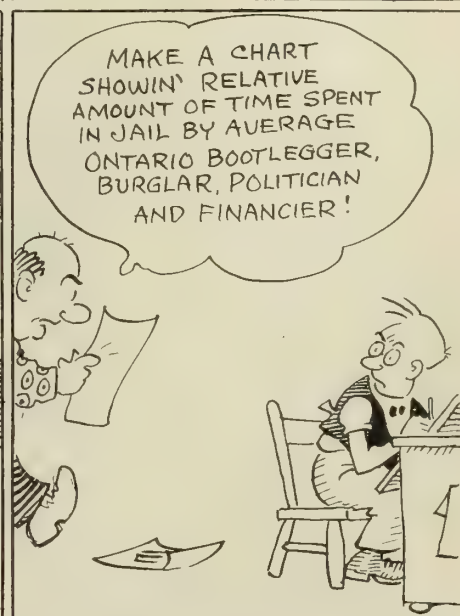
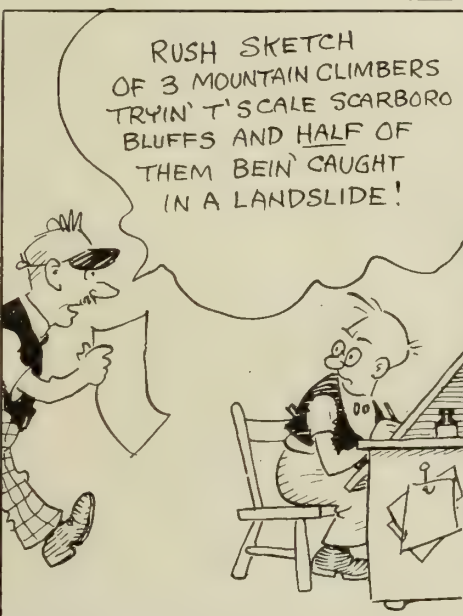
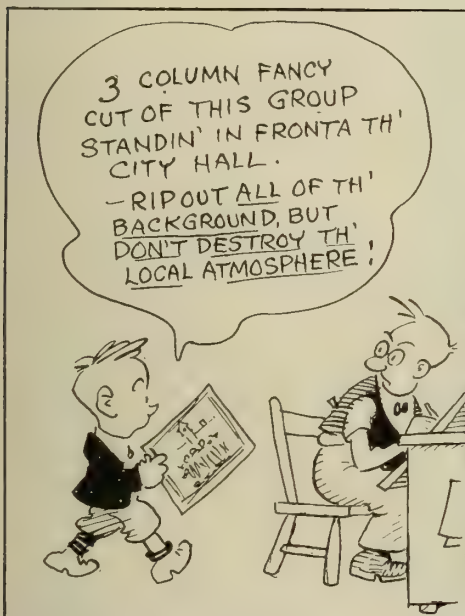
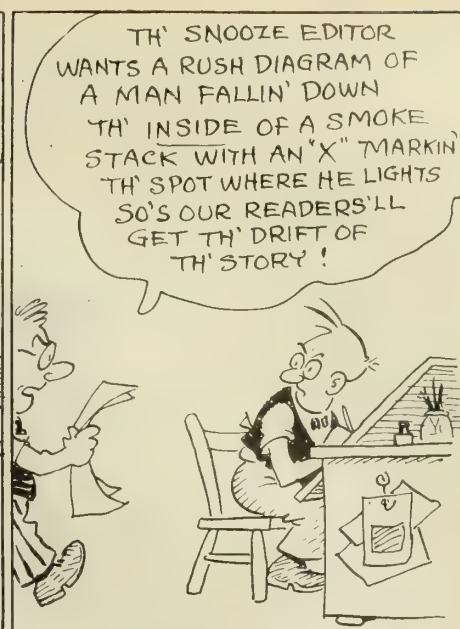
"Sure! Just go in at the gate that has 'Keep Out' on it, and cross the yard. Then you'll see a door with a 'No Help Wanted' sign. Go right in, and there'll be another door on your left with 'No Admittance' on. If you see a big man in there with a bull-terrier tagging him, that's the foreman. He only speaks Roumanian, but you'll understand him."

G—G—G

DENTISTS TO PROBE DEEPER

—Toronto Telegram.

The nerve!



"The Newspaper Artist—Note the Hunted Look"

Cures for Insomnia

By P. W. Luce

I CANNOT sleep o' nights!

This, of course, is an exaggeration. But in the matter of sleeplessness I am justified in stretching a point or so. Everybody does it. All men who toss a wakeful hour on their pillow swear with solemn face that they do not sleep a wink all night. And they believe it, even if nobody else does.

Sleeplessness is such a serious matter that after a while the ordinary English term won't do. We must hark back to Latin and refer to our trouble as "Insomnia." It's ever so much more impressive.

The only satisfaction I get out of my Insomnia is that it gives such a great deal of pleasure to my friends. There is not one but has a certain cure for sleeplessness. Each cure is the best ever—until put to the test, when they turn out to be all alike.

Acting on information received, as the policemen say, I have tried using one pillow, two pillows, three pillows, and no pillows.

I have gone to bed with the windows wide open, and with the windows shut very tight.

I have remained rigid in bed for an hour at a stretch, and I have rolled around with monotonous regularity once every sixty seconds.

I have walked around the room until I got dizzy; I have gone in for midnight calisthenics and Swedish exercises; I have tried to go to sleep by keeping my mouth open and my eyes shut, and I have tried reversing the process.

In every case my faith in sleep in-



*Harry Cockshutt who lived at Brantford
Once used to make ploughs by the horde.
Then King George said to Harry, "Oh,
Take charge of Ontario,
And I hope you're not too awfully bored."*

ducers was rudely shattered, for cause.

But my friends were not discouraged. Far from it. It became a sort of game with them. They recommended hot baths just before retiring, then cold baths, then tepid baths.

I demurred against this breaking of a sacred Saturday night tradition, but to no purpose.

So I bathed—but I did not sleep, not even the famous forty winks.

By this time my good friends came to the conclusion that my trouble was mental rather than physical, and I was told that what I needed was to hypnotize my mind into a state of doziness. First and foremost I was urged to try the famous Sheep Cure.

Having had something to do with sheep in real life, I have no faith in the critters. Sheep are supine, stupid, and their B-b-b-aaaaaa-ing is exceedingly irritating.

In real life it is impossible to count sheep jumping over a fence. No sober shepherd ever tries it. But my friends refused to listen to reason, and finally I gave in.

I conjured up a picture of a good-sized flock of sheep and assembled them in a green pasture, with shady trees and babbling brooks and rippling rills and all the rest of it.

I must have overdone the pastoral surroundings, for I had a terrible time getting the flock to leave the succulent grass and start the sleep-inducing gymnastics over the fence. So I imagined a collie dog, gave him the highly original name of "Shep," and instructed him to get busy.

Unfortunately I created him too young. He lacked experience. He did his best, but it was pretty bad.

After giving myself half a headache, I got those sheep jumping and

(Continued on page 26)

Fauna of the Northland

By Leslie McFarlane

AT FIRST glance, this might promise to be a blood and thunder yarn of the frozen wastes, but in case some movie magnate jumps to that conclusion on reading the title and wires me an offer of a few thousand dollars for the movie rights, with the purpose of casting Gloria Swanson, for instance, in the title role of "Fauna," it might be as well to clear up all misapprehensions right at the start and explain that this is really a scientific article. The Fauna mentioned in the title is not some Northern cutie. It is not the sweet and unspoiled daughter of some old Hudson Bay factor, rescued in the last paragraph from the villainous halfbreed and worsedeath by Sergt. Terence Gallagher, R.C.M.P. No, this particular Fauna is just a Greek (or it might be Arabic) name, meaning fish and birds and other animals.

The Fauna of the Canadian Northland have been practically neglected by scientists. In the vast regions of Northern Ontario there are many strange denizens of the woods and waters, of which many people have never heard, and in fact they would hardly believe it if they did, which doubtless they haven't and don't anyway.

This is quite clear.

In this article it is purposed to describe a few of these biological, entomological, psychological, and possibly theological phenomena. Don't worry if you can't understand those epithets—I dug them up out of a book myself—for they are only there to give this article a profound, scientific touch it would not otherwise have.

Well, about these Fauna.

Chief among the little known Fauna of the Northland, may be mentioned the side-hill gouger, an industrious, docile little animal which may be found almost any day on the sides of the towering hills of the North Country. The chief peculiarity of the side-hill gouger, is that it has only three legs. Two of these legs are on one side and the other one is on the other. Another peculiarity is that the leg on the other side is about twice as long

as the other legs on the other side.

One might ask: Why is the leg on the other side longer than the other two legs on the other side? The purpose of this strange condition is made clear by explaining that the side-hill gouger, as its name implies, lives on the sides of hills. It is never found at the bottom of a hill, or at the top either. The hill, being on a slope, (otherwise it wouldn't be a hill and the gouger would not live on the side of it) the animal would also be on a slope if all its legs were of the same length. So Mother Nature has provided that the outside leg is longer than the inside legs and the gouger is perfectly balanced.

This, then, is the side-hill gouger, which may be found on almost any hillside in the North, slowly ambling about the hills, gouging for ants and bugs. It is very easily killed by turning it around, in which event the two short legs are on the outside and the long leg is on the inside, and the animal's balance is worse than the books in the Hamilton City Hall. This causes it to upset and it rolls dizzily to the bottom of the hill and breaks its neck.

Another interesting Fauna is the wookoo, otherwise known as the compass bird. The wookoo has only one eye, and thus always flies in a straight line. This line, by a strange chance, is always due North, and this gives the bird its fame as the compass bird. It is a great comfort to some trapper who has become lost in the bush a couple of hundred miles north of Cochrane, for instance, to see the wookoos going overhead, directly north, and learn thereby that he has been out in his bearings and has been erroneously travelling towards the Arctic Circle all week instead of back to civilization.

We must never forget the wookoo and its services to the hardy men of the great outdoors. Nobody knows just where the wookoo ends up, but it is surmised that it flies clean over the North Pole and goes down the other side of the earth, eventually rounding up into Canada again. It must be an awful life. An investigation is now under way to see if a similar bird has

ever been seen in the eastern hemisphere, flying due south. If such a bird has been observed it will be identified as a wookoo bird coming home.

Another little known Fauna of the North is the red nosed wingus. The wingus only appears before a rainstorm, and is thus infallible as a weather prophet. This explains why Indians never have rheumatism. They don't need it. They can tell when it is going to rain, just by seeing a red nosed wingus emerge from its nest, uttering its faint and plaintive cry of "Ker-blob, ker-blob," which is Indian language for "It's going to be wet."

Within recent weeks the red nosed wingus was in bad favor in many parts of the North because they came out in large numbers a few days before the liquor plebiscite, crying, "Ker-blob, ker-blob," quite hopefully. Many Northerners, who believed in the wingus implicitly, were encouraged to bet heavily that government control would carry. One shoemaker risked his little awl, and lost it. For some days after the result of the plebiscite became known the life of a red nosed wingus wasn't worth a plugged yen in all Northern Ontario, but after a while the disgruntled ones listened to reason. They agreed that the wingus couldn't be expected to know how many hardy sons of the soil there were in Southern Ontario, and most assuredly couldn't be expected to know how dry they were. Nor could it be expected to anticipate what the dear ladies were going to do when they started marking down the love and kisses signs on the ballots. The wingus, it was held, was only speaking for Northern Ontario, so its reputation is still intact.

Another Fauna of the Northland is the brainless gwibble (gwibbloribus ignoratum) which may be found in the hunting season. The gwibble is very affectionate and fond of company, and if it spies a hunter in the bush the bird will sit on his hat and won't go away. The gwibble does this simply because it has no brains, so when another hunter mistakes the gwibble's new-

(Continued on page 27)



PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU! By Harry Leon Wilson. Toronto: Copp, Clark. \$2.00.

We have read elsewhere that wine is a mocker and that strong drink is raging, but not until we had laid aside this last book of delicious foolery by Mr. Wilson did we suspect what a mild indulgence in sherry might lead a one-time meek and obeying husband-professor into. First, he deserted his wife. Then he burnt down a neighbor's house after he had stolen both food and clothes from it. The next step to becoming a bootlegger's assistant was a short one. Playing the part of an Indian chief in a two-man medicine show, a house-guest of a travelling dressmaker, a wild man in a side-show, and a confidence man in another road show all followed in that order. Finally, this pathetic and humorous seeker of freedom is rescued by his friends and taken home. His wife and the undergraduate body of Fairwater College receive him with a welcome and reverence due the hero that they consider him. For all its gaiety this book has in its drawing of Professor Copplestone a pathetic whimsicalness that recommends it to all readers who have no taste for taking their burlesque "neat." An unhurried judgment free from prejudiced enthusiasm for all this author's work, lists this book with the best of the season.

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK ABROAD. By Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: Doran. \$2.00.

Pre-Yule-tide gaiety is given an impetus by one of the four funniest books of the year. It may be the most laughable of the four. Certainly, it seems to be the best of Mr. Stewart's many happy contributions. The tale has to do, as the title suggests, with the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Haddock and one of their two children. Unlike most books of a humorous nature, this story entertains until the very diverting end.

LOTTERY. By W. E. Woodward. Toronto: Mussons. \$2.00.

Last year this author, who is a retired banker, gave to a grateful public his first novel, "Bunk." His second, now reviewed, is better even than the first. It is about a boy who becomes a hero by accumulating a million dollars by the time he is thirty. If you are a believer in luck having a great deal to do with worldly success, this book will coincide nicely with your creed. Jerry Garrison is a newsboy, a collector for an instalment-plan furniture company that goes into liquidation, and, as a result, finally a manufacturer of a patent trouser button. He stays up all night playing cards, he occasionally drinks too much, he has a roving eye for the ladies, and he has no ideas of thrift. In fact, he would make very poor "copy" for an "American" magazine article showing how wealth and success can be gained only by observing all the copy-book mottoes. This tale, in spite of its high humour, is filled with irony and satire. It lampoons the exclusiveness of wealthy, business cliques and tight society coteries. It shows how wealth came to a stupid, uneducated, gauche creature who had noth-



Little Shop 'Round the Corner
1184 Bay Street

An interesting Lending Library.
Books for sale.
Gifts of all kinds.
Cards for birthdays and other days.

On Bay Street, south of Bloor,
and just around the corner from
Ashley & Crippen.

ing in the way of assets except luck and a clever wife. These are enough any time. There is not a dull, nor unnecessary passage in the book.

SAILOR'S WIVES. By Warner Fabian. New York: Boni, Liveright. \$2.00.

Some months ago a book called "Flaming Youth," by the above author was reviewed in these columns. In spite of the depreciatory things said by us about it the book had a huge sale, and then went on to a screen triumph later. "Sailor's Wives" takes most of the characters in the former book and shows that as they grow older they emulate the prairie flower and grow wilder every hour. If you care for a detailed recital of wild house-party goings-on, wild country club orgies, and wild, high society vamping, necking and petting, read this modern example of belles lettres. For good measure the author stirs in a couple of seductions. If the book were just more obscene, lewd and salacious you would have to hide it under the mattress. As it is, you can leave it around any place so long as grandma doesn't come across it.

WANDERLIGHT. By Ernest Raymond. Toronto: McLelland and Stewart, publishers.

As usual Ernest Raymond has written a book which deals in "high seriousness" with the inner workings of the spiritual side of a young man. It will be long before he can write a novel which will be able to supersede "Tell England" in our estimation, but "Wanderlight" contains some fine characterizations and keenly dramatic situations. The first few chapters seem to be rather badly written as though the author were anxious to get on to the meatier part, also the supposedly American dialect of Esther failed to convince us. Outside of these it is a fine book that belongs to the sound investment class.

THE LOCKED BOOK. By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: Copp Clark. \$2.00.

This noted Canadian author can always be counted on for a worth-while tale of exciting and mysterious adventure. Many of his stories have had to do with crooks and criminals on this continent, but in "The Locked Book" the action takes place in the Malaysian archipelago. Young Swain falls heir to a fleet

(Continued on page 33)

Poli (badly beaten in election):
"Did you really vote for me, old timer?"

Titian (reassuringly): "Yes, I was the one."

—Penn Punch Bowl.

G—G—G

"What are you clipping from that paper?"

"An article about a woman who was sued for divorce for going through her husband's pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pockets."

—Purple Cow.

G—G—G

Irish captain to his men on the eve of the battle—

"Will ye fight or will ye run?"

Men—"We will!"

"Will what?"

"Will not!"

"Ah, me brave bhoys, I knew yez would!"

—Jack-o-Lantern.

G—G—G

"Now, Miranda, what get-up shall we put on this here scare-crow?"

"Ye might try some of the duds our Heckabod brought back from college."

"Come, Miranda—we want to scare the crows—not make them laugh."

—Brown Jug.

G—G—G

Fair Enough

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" casually inquired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Eben, "there was a feller over to town with a circus last week who took a pair o' rabbits out o' my whiskers."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

G—G—G

Frosh.—We have the biggest drinker in the U. S. in our class.

Soph.—And who is he?

Frosh.—The chap who drank Canada Dry.

—Widow.

G—G—G

A Soft Wind

Teacher (to kindergarten class)—And what do you think the east wind whispered as it softly caressed the bamboo trees?

Small Tots (in unison)—Mah Jongg.

—Puppet.



"Tea Time"

What a delightful institution is Afternoon Tea! How satisfying to soul and body to sit in congenial company while you consume crisp lettuce sandwiches, golden-brown buttered toast, crunchy macaroons, cake,—and cups of delicious, full-flavored Salada Tea!

"SALADA"

H568

He (just returned from the punch bowl)—Shall we sit this one out?

She (sniffing)—No; let's walk it off.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.



After the dance —away from the crowds

The memories of a pleasant evening reviewed in quiet contentment with your pipe that is "a confidant and a friend"—happiness indeed. Such a pipe is the NEW ERA—a more friendly pipe than you have ever had—a revelation in quality.



Pipe No. E140
2/3 actual size

WHY
PAY
MORE?

This NEW ERA self-cleaning inner tube prevents all bubbling trouble.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER **GDB** DISC ON THE STEM



"Why did I kiss that girl?"
—Panther.

Young Advertising Man, After a Hard Day at the Office, Writes to the Girl He Loves

You are a person of exacting taste—
You want the best there is—and that means ME.
You hate men knock-kneed, dumb, or double-faced:
I stand the most exacting scrutiny!

That I have (1) a very pleasing eye,
(2) Shapeliness, (3) charm, and (4) *esprit*
You'll soon be well aware. And that is why
Discriminating women all choose ME.

"I never really lived till I met HIM!"
That's how one lady put it. Yes, and she
Is only one of scores who like my vim.
There is no other man as good as ME.

Remember, there are lots of worthless men
Striving to gain the field through mimicry;
So may I caution you just once again—
Beware of imitations. Ask for ME.
P. S.—An hour with ME's an hour of glee!

—E. B. W. in N. Y. World.

Positively the Latest and Last Version of an Old Fable

Diogenes came upon the campus disguised as a college lad. He approached a youth whom he hailed as Mac because he had forgotten his name.

"Have a nice summer?" he enquired after much handshaking. "Naw," replied the youth, "Dad found a job for me that netted no excitement and little jack. Frankly I'm glad to be back to the old loaf."

And Diogenes put out his pocket flashlight and retired to the realm of the Immortals.

—Juggler.

G—G—G

"That let's me out," said the prisoner as he swiped the jailer's key.

—Juggler.



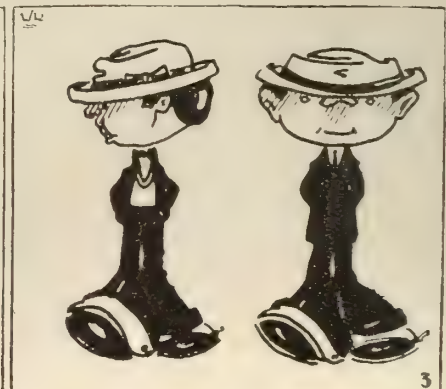
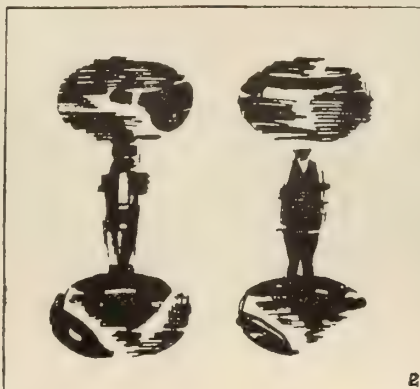
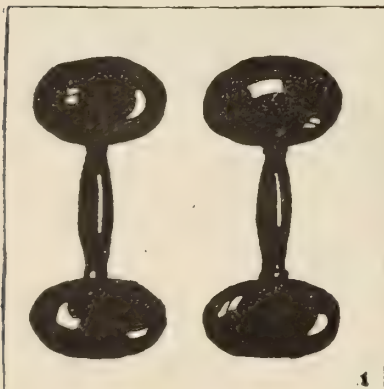
"I DO"

A frosh's idea of animal husbandry
—Froth.

G—G—G

Although many men have started in with nothing but a shoe string we think suspenders are safer.

—Pelican.



The Evolution of the College Dumbbell.

—Frovol.

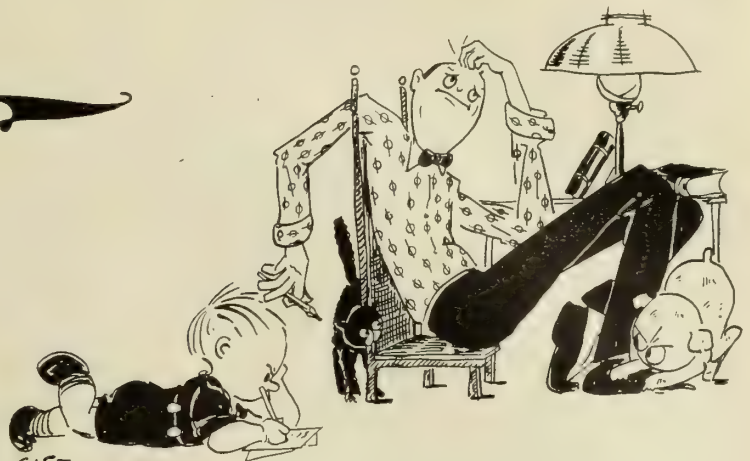
The Guaranteed Forsyth SHIRT

ARE YOU HAVING ANY
TROUBLE WITH YOUR
CHRISTMAS LISTS?
???

JUST YOU REMEMBER
THAT THERE IS NO GIFT
WHICH A MAN WILL
APPRECIATE MORE THAN

JOHN FORSYTH
LTD—
KITCHENER
ONT.

A
FORSYTH SHIRT.



ROFFER

Melodrama

'Twas a dark and Silent Knight.

* * *

Heavy clouds hid the friendly Moon and Stars.

* * *

All about them was black as Cole. Not Apperson was in sight.

* * *

He who had posed as a simple Gardner was in reality the rascally Earl.

* * *

Relentlessly he pursued the fleeting Dorris, she of the Auburn tresses and her noble lover who stuck like a Leach.

* * *

It seemed a desperate Case. Below them rushed the swift waters of the Hudson.

* * *

At length they decided to strike out Overland. They did, pausing now and then to Dodge a bullet.

* * *

Suddenly a scream Pierced the air. An Arrow shot by overhead.

* * *

Through the darkness could be heard the gnashing of teeth. Silence—then another Nash.

—Motor Land.

G—G—G

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a cross road, and did not know which way to turn. Through the gloom he saw a sign on a post. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully, and in the ensuing glimmer read: "Wet paint."

—Orange Owl.



It's Solved, B'Gad!

Strollers Cigarettes
Packages of 10s or 25s, Christmas wrapped, in 100s\$1.40
Tins of 50 70
Tins of 100 1.40

Philip Morris Virginia Ova's
5-20s in Christmas wrapping..\$1.75
Tins of 50 90
Tins of 100 1.75

Philip Morris Navy Cut Cigarettes
10-10s in Christmas wrapping..\$1.45
Tins of 50 70
Tins of 100 1.40

Herbert Tareyton London Cigarettes
Tins of 50\$0.85

Melachrino Cigarettes
10-10s in Christmas wrapper..\$2.50

In tins of 50 1.25
In tins of 100 2.50

Plain or Cork tipped
If something unusually select is desired, we recommend Melachrino No. 4.

Tins of 50\$2.25
Tins of 100 4.50

Melachrino Individuals, each cigarette individually wrapped in tin foil. Put up in tins of 50 with Christmas ribbon and label, a very attractive packing, \$2.50.

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture

1/4-pound tins\$1.50
1-pound glass Humidor jars.. 3.25

All in Attractive Gift Wrappings

Three BIG values

The name is stamped upon each brush.



NABOB

Guaranteed pure badger brush. Ideal for men who use shaving cream. Whips up a beautiful lather.

No such value has ever been offered in a pure badger brush at

\$3.00

RAJAH

As a lathering tool it's a wonder. Equally suitable for soap or cream, but particularly built for stick users. Unusual value at

\$1.50

Ask your dealer for these brushes by name.

T.S. Simms and Co.
ST. JOHN, N.B.

Montreal Toronto London Winnipeg

MOGUL

A bristle brush of good quality—built for long service. Made for the man who uses a mug, but perfectly satisfactory for use with stick and powder too.

\$1.25

TRADE
SET IN RUBBER
MARK

Lather Brushes

26

In the Restaurant

He—What would you say to a little chicken?

She—Chick, chick!

—Iowa Frivol.

"If you're up against it financially, why not sell your car?"

"Impossible! I need it to elude my creditors."

—Sydney Bulletin.

THE DIET KITCHEN TEA ROOMS

72 and 80 West Bloor St.

Tel. R. 4382

BREAKFAST
AFTERNOON TEA

LUNCHEON
DINNER

Sunday night supper will be served
in Annex until 9.30

I Have Dined With—

The girl who made-up during, before, and after every course.

The woman with an unquenchable thirst who drank my liquid refreshment as well as her own.

The motor truck who was going to begin dieting next week, but who wolfed it down now.

The skeleton who, clad in an evening gown that made me shiver, refused all fattening, nourishing foods.

The dumb frail who responded to my conversational sallies with a sad smile.

The vampish flapper who was passionately interested in every white man in the world—except me.

The serious Susan who decided that my soul needed saving, and who started upon this boring indoor sport during the meal.

The exquisite, amorous vision who pressed my foot under the table, thinking the foot belonged to some one else.

My wife.

—C.G.S.

G—G—G

"Dinah," said the mistress, "I hear you are married."

"Yassum, I've got a good man now."

"Does he provide for you all right?"

"Yas, he's a good provider, but I've skeered he's going to be cotched at it."

—Everybody's Magazine.

G—G—G

The Confessions of the Life of the Party

I am known as the Life of the Party. A pretty paradox! For, at heart, I am a sad and morose fellow—a gloom hound, a kill-joy, a wet blanket. My assumed hilarity is but a result of my shyness, my embarrassment, my bashfulness, and if I am not clogging on top of the piano with my coat on inside out, I am overcome with a feeling of uneasiness that is most distressing. Thus do I resort to tomfoolery to hide timidity; to skylarking to conceal sombreness. I am a creature of extremes, whose only remedy is exaggeration. I upset the gold fish aquarium into the punch bowl to keep from drowning myself in it, and fling the sideboard through the window lest, in a moment of rashness, I should hurl myself out of it. So you will observe, fellow harlequins, that my laughter rings not with rejoicing, but merely masks those sobs that rise within me.

—Andre Saville.



Pascoe's have the styles that young men want

Whether you want one of the new English suits—a Guard's overcoat—or a "Huddersfield" stripe—you'll find one in the style you like—at the price you want to pay—at PASCOE'S.

And every price represents a real saving.

*Suits and
Overcoats
\$20 to \$45*

Pascoes

LIMITED

2nd floor Kent Bldg., Yonge & Richmond Sts.



"Fozzle, the lawyer, died leaving only a few effects."
"Well, he had only a few causes."

—Brown Jug.

G—G—G

Base—What do you know about Mah Jongg?

Ball—A lot of wise cracks. —Michigan Gargoyle.

G—G—G

Miss Simp: "I hear you are a pillar of the church."

Sunday golfer: "No, I'm just a flying buttress. I support it from the outside."
—Chaparral.

TOWER'S WATERPROOF COLLEGE COATS THE VARSITY

SNAPPY - SERVICEABLE

Absolute Protection at Low Cost

ALL THE GO WITH COLLEGE MEN AND BOYS

Color is of a Pleasing
Yellow or Olive
Khaki

MADE IN MEN'S
AND BOYS' SIZES

For sale by the lead-
ing student's supply
merchants



"The Rainy Day Pal"

Tower Canadian Limited
Toronto

Branches:

Vancouver Montreal, Winnipeg Halifax



THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO.
R.S. LIMITED

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AND ACCESSORIES FOR
THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA
145 YONGE ST. TORONTO



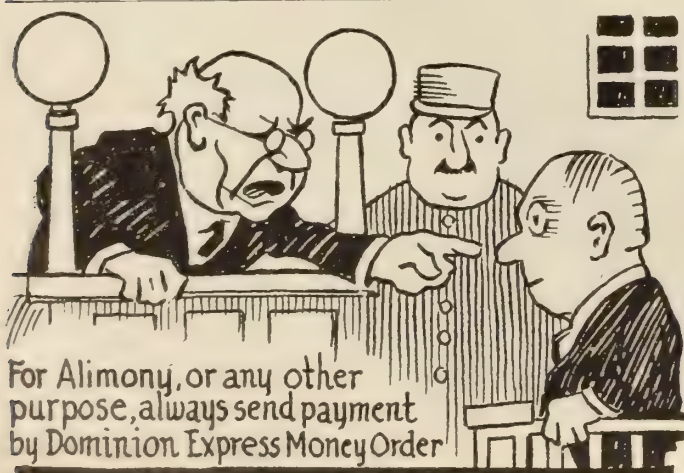
Cures for Insomnia

(Continued from page 18)

started counting. They jumped singly, in pairs, by threes, and in bunches. Nobody could have counted them even by staying awake a year, much less a night. So I put them back over the fence, and counted up to 1395, then got all mixed up. I tried again, and again, but without making any headway.

About four o'clock in the morning, I noticed that the sheep were getting pretty tired, and some had to make two or three tries before they could hop over the fence. But I had no mercy. I determined to keep them going over the top until sleep came. And I succeeded!

Sleep finally came—but not to me! I took my eyes off the sheep for a moment, and when I looked again every blessed one of them was fast asleep, and snoring!



For Alimony, or any other
purpose, always send payment
by Dominion Express Money Order

And so was "Shep"!

Next I was prevailed upon to try the modern stunt of imagining a large slate and a wet sponge, and to use the sponge to wipe off ideas as soon as they appeared on the slate. This was great fun at first, but pretty soon I had to quit.

The sponge started oozing ideas instead of water!

After that I tried various cures haphazard. I attempted to rock myself to sleep, but only succeeded in falling out of bed. I tried eating lettuce in the evening, and I tried chewing aspirin in bed. I ate a raw onion; I drank hot milk; I swallowed whiskey and lemon until I feared for my sobriety, but still I slept not.

I attempted to sing myself to sleep, until the neighbors protested. I tried to talk myself to sleep, in four different languages, but unfortunately, I am an entertaining talker, and I only succeeded in keeping myself awake.

And then one night, when I had exhausted all sleep-inducing possibilities, I forgot all about my trouble and just naturally dozed off into a peaceful slumber, just like a little child. I must have slept at least an hour before my telephone rang furiously.

"Now listen," said the voice of a most faithful friend, "I've just heard of the finest cure for insomnia. . . ."

I don't remember what I said, but my telephone was disconnected the next day, and I had to send a written apology to Central. In the meantime, however, I had returned to bed and imagined myself a dormouse, with highly satisfactory results.

G—G—G

The absent-minded professor jokes are with us again. We are thinking of the prof. who kissed his shoes good-night and put his two daughters under the bed. — *Wisconsin Octopus.*



*In the best hotels
as in the best homes
it's always*

Everywhere!

**British Consols
Cigarettes**

The
Pickwick
Room
King Edward
Hotel
Toronto

Fauna of the Northland

(Continued from page 19)

found friend for a deer, or a camel or something, the gibble is usually killed too, and it serves him right for not having some sense. There is a lesson in this for all of us, namely that evil communications corrupt good manners, that bad companions lead but to the grave and that a rolling stone is known by the company it keeps.

Then there is the wimwalla, or spotted jack rabbit.

There was one in the room just a minute ago and I called the nurse in so she could see it, for she insists that there is no such animal, but it got away before she arrived. She says it is a terror what this Demon Rum will do to a man, especially nowadays when you have to drink it in a hurry or it will eat the bottom out of your glass and spill all over the floor. So she gave me some more of my medicine and says I have to go to sleep. This article on Fauna of the Northland will therefore have to be postponed *sine dago*.

G—G—G

Husband: "You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

Wife: "Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once."

—Good Hardware.



*The Most Useful
Gift on
the Tree*

Valet Auto-Strop Razor

REG. IN CANADA

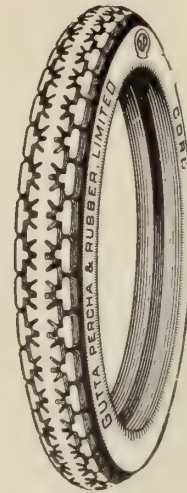
\$5 up to \$25; Other Models at Lower Prices

*The Goblins'll Get You,
If You Don't Use*

"GUTTA PERCHA"
BALLOON
CORD TIRES

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto

Branches in all Leading Canadian Cities



Positive and Negative

"Is you gwine ter let dat hoss do as he pleases?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's your will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You jes' want ter come out hyar an' measure dis hoss's won't power."

—*Yorkshire Post.*

G—G—G

"Quick—where can I hide? The bulls are after me!"

"Why not try the Administration building—it's impossible to find anybody in there."

—*Brown Jug.*

Though accustomed to eat
About five pounds of meat,
With a few odds and ends, for his dinner,
He found he could do
With a package or two
Of Ingersoll Cheese, and grow thinner.

(Ingersoll)
Cream Cheese
"Spreads Like Butter"



"Half the people down there think we're going to fall."

"So do half the people up here."

—*Brown Jug.*

G—G—G

Soph: "What is the meaning of 'pedestrian'?"

Proph: "It is defined as 'Raw material for an accident'."

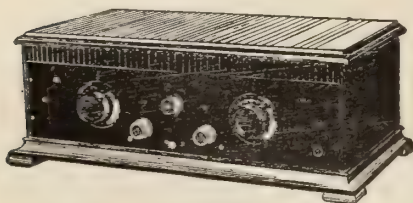
—*Frivol.*

De Forest-Crosley Value

Ask any owner of a DeForest-Crosley Radiophone if he secured good value for his money. Ask him if he knows of any set selling for less than double the price that will equal the results he is getting. Ask him what his upkeep cost is. Then check up with any other sets you know and you'll find that De Forest-Crosley Radiophones represent the greatest dollar for dollar value on the radio market to-day. 3M

There's a **Radiophone** for Every Home

Six New Models—\$22 to \$460.00



MAIL COUPON—NOW

DeForest Radio Corporation Limited
Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me, free of charge, full particulars of your New Radiophones. I am interested in purchasing a complete set costing about.....

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

Province.....

"Father, what is tact?" asked little Willie.

"Tact, my boy," replied the other, thoughtfully, "is what prevents a grey-haired man with a face lined with wrinkles from reminding the youthful-looking lady with a face like a summer rose that they were boy and girl together."

—Daily Dispatch

GOLF and Summer Bathing in Winter

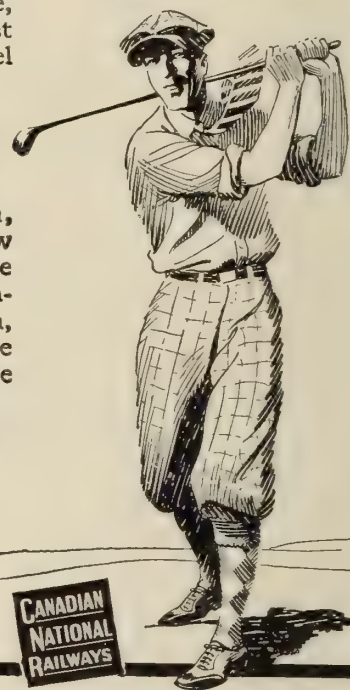
The alluring resorts of the West and South tempt and invite you to continue Summer's popular pastimes under warm sunny skies.

To the Continent's finest Winter resorts the Canadian National Railways offer excellent service, direct connections via shortest routes, the utmost in travel comfort.

WINTER TOURS to British Columbia; California, Florida,

Alabama, Arizona, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Jersey, New Mexico, Texas, the Carolinas; cruising through sun-lit seas to West Indies, Bermuda, Cuba, South America, the Mediterranean and Around the World.

Full information from nearest
Canadian National Agent



**GOLFING
TENNIS
RIDING
POLO
BATHING
FISHING**

Bold Bad Man (getting the lay of the land)—Say, kid, whose yer folks?

Naive Youngster—Daddy is a retired textbook merchant and mamma used to be a co-ed.

Bad Man—Den I might as well leave. A common stickup like me ain't got no chance wid dese high-class robbers.

—Octopus.

G—G—G

None to Spare

A motor-car had just knocked a man down and run over his toes, and the victim was claiming damages.

"Great Scot!" gasped the astounded owner of the car; "you want forty pounds for a damaged foot! I'm not a millionaire, you know."

"Perhaps you ain't," tersely replied the victim, "and I ain't no centipede either."

—The Tattler.

He Passed

A business man was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination.

At one examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?"

A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but was not to be floored. He wrote:

"Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation." —Adelaide Gossip.

G—G—G

Safety First

"A bachelor," said the cynic, "is one who looks before he leaps, and then stays where he is."

—Calgary Albertan.



"I hear the burglars' union has broken up."
 "Yes, they're all for the open shop." —Purple Cow.

The Motor Muse

She rides with me at evening-tide,
 In robes of silk and pearl,
 Who ever saw a lovelier,
 A more entrancing girl?
 There's sun and laughter in her eyes
 That every heart must stir,
 You think I am a poet,
 No! I'm only her chauffeur!

—Judge.

G—G—G

"Break, Break, Break . . ."

Governor Al Smith, of New York, one day appeared before the assembled convicts at Sing Sing to make a speech. Forgetting his audience, he began in the usual manner: "Fellow citizens—" A murmur of laughter sounded through the room. The governor became fussed. "Fellow convicts," he changed. Louder laughter. "Oh, you know what I mean," he stammered. "I mean I'm glad to see so many of ye here." They led him out into the air.

—Harvard Lampoon.

G—G—G

It was with considerable astonishment that the manager of a Minneapolis shoe store watched his new clerk, a tall Swede, deliberately throw a new pair of shoes into the wastebasket.

"What's the matter with those shoes?" asked the manager.

"Dey ain't any good," replied the clerk.

"How do you know?"

"I ban try 'em on half-dozen fallers and dey wouldn't fit none of dem."

—Judge.

Guinea Gold CIGARETTES

Mild and Extra Fine

12 for 15c

20 for 25c

OGDEN'S LIVERPOOL



King Edward Hotel

TORONTO

Direction of United Hotels Company of America.

The Victoria Dining Room

A la Carte Service from 7 A.M. to 1 A.M.

Supper Dance — Oak Room

Nightly except Sunday, from 10:30 until 1 A.M.

Thé Dansant — Crystal Ball Room.

Saturday, from 4:30 until 6 P.M.

Afternoon Tea — Parlor Floor.

Daily, from 4 to 6.

Dinner Dance — Oak Room

Saturday, from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M., De Luxe Dinner \$2.00.

Make Reservations with Maitre d'Hotel, Main 4600.

PICKWICK DINING ROOM

Special Plate Lunches and Table d'Hôte Dinners.

OUR NEW CAFETERIA

Scientifically equipped Highest Quality of Food.

GEO. H. O'NEIL,
General Manager.



P. K. HUNT,
Manager

Aspirin

Say "Bayer"—Genuine!



Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for Colds and gripe misery. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost only few cents at any drug store. Each package contains proven directions for Colds and tells how to prepare an Aspirin gargle for sore throat and tonsillitis. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Pleasant for Him

Sweet Young Thing (coming in with attentive partner from room where a hard bridge match has been in progress): "Oh, mother, I've just captured the booby!"

Mother: "Well, well! Come here and kiss me, both of you."
—Tiger.

G—G—G

There First

Judge: "Are you before me again?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honour. I have been waiting all night for you."
—Judge.

G—G—G

One Co-ed (writing home)—Is "good night" one word or two?

Another Co-ed (who has never been kissed)—Oh, is it a word?
—Iowa Frivol.

G—G—G

Null—What do you suppose they call the campus at the University of Paris?

Void—Paris Green, I suppose.
—Yale Record.

G—G—G

"She's very photographic."

"Really?"

"Yes, sits in the dark room and awaits developments."

—Massachusetts Tech. Voo Doo.

A Friend of the Family

BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP

Delicious in flavor and backed by real food value.
Ask your Grocer for it

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

MAKERS ALSO OF
EDWARDSBURG SILVER GLOSS STARCH—CANADA CORN STARCH

He—But don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use, darling?

She—Of course, silly! If I didn't how could I economize by making left-over dishes?

—Windsor Magazine.

First Frosh (reading a scientific magazine)—I see where dice of an ancient age have been dug up in Africa.

Second Frosh—Prehistoric bones, I suppose.

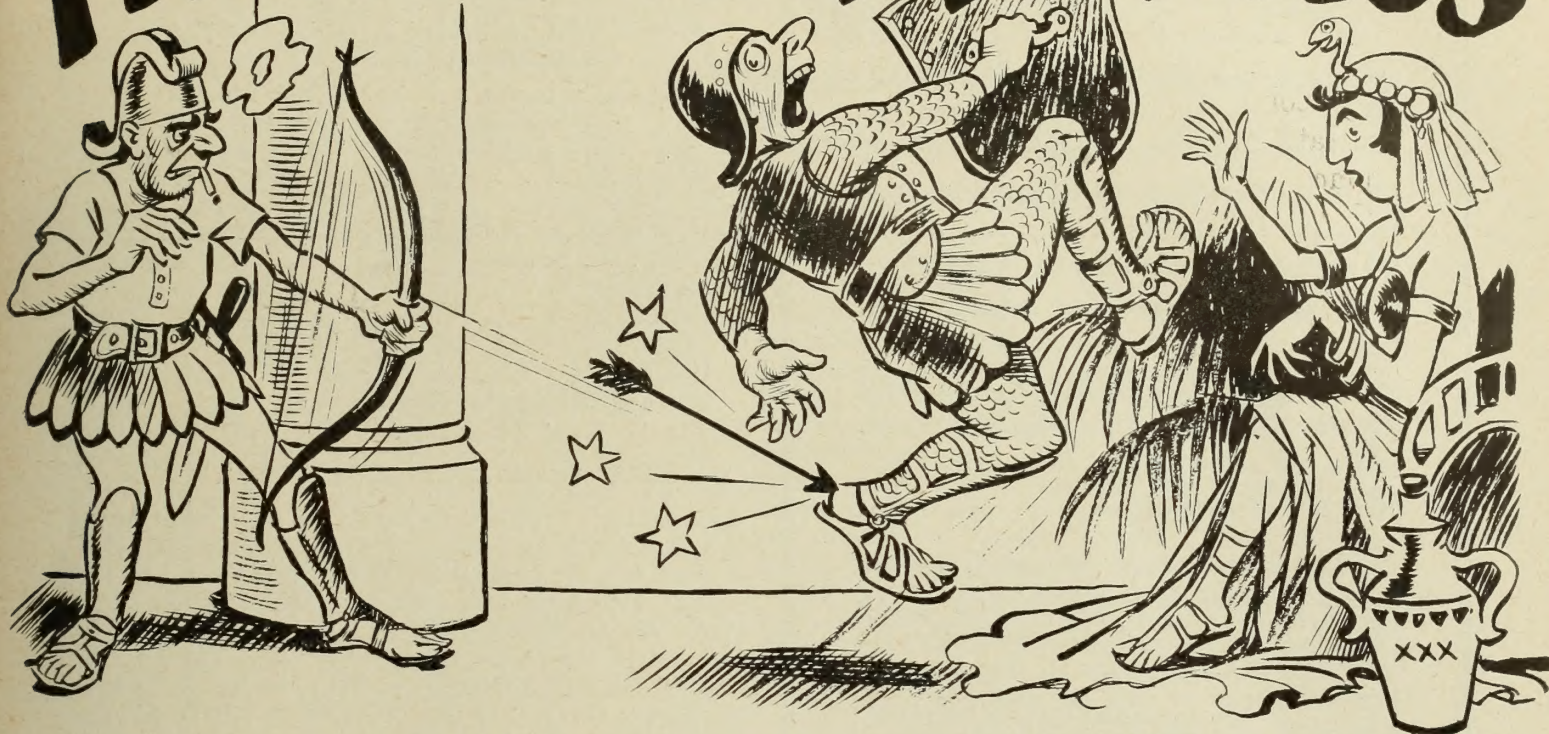
—Lyre.



She: "My brother doesn't smoke, swear, or drink."
He: "Does he make all his own dresses, too?"

—Purple Cow.

The heel of Achilles



Even the demi-god of the Greeks, Achilles, supposedly invulnerable, had his weak spot, and Paris, when he found it, took his measure. The modern man and woman, otherwise impervious to the shafts of salesmanship, can be reached and sold in moments of recreation. Take advantage of this opportunity to approach your prospect when in good humor.

GOBLIN, Canada's Humorous Monthly, brings joy to the hearth of thousands of wealthy and enlightened homes from Halifax to Vancouver. It is the only medium in the Dominion in which you reach your man when he is laughing.

Every salesman hopes to find his potential customer in good humor, when sales resistance is lowest. GOBLIN insures the realization of that hope.

GOBLIN buyers are in a ready-to-be-interested, happy mood when they read your advertisement.

They are already half sold. When your prospect is in a jovial, leisured frame of mind half the battle is won.

Resistance Halved Means Doubled Sales!

What Would You Have Done?

Just suppose that you found yourself on a train bound from Toronto to Vancouver; suppose that it was imperative that you reach the latter place by a certain date; suppose also that on the same train was a girl whom you did not want to lose. Then, after all this supposing, what would happen if you found you had lost your ticket, your baggage and your money; and that the only man who could be expected to loan you more was not available?

That is the problem that faces the central character of "Alias John Smith," a novelette by Archie P. McKishnie, that appears in the December 1st issue. It is a story filled with suspense and amusing complications.

The New Forest is the peculiar preserve of Horace Annesley Vachell, and in "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," he gives another delicately etched tale of this fascinating region.

There are many other stories, too: "A Ticket to Spain," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins; "The Wisdom of Eve," by Wyndham Martyn; "Outlaws of the Trail," by Edith B. Henderson; "The Neutral Fuse," by Nellie McClung.

These are a few of the interesting items appearing in the December 1st issue.

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

Books

(Continued from page 20)

of trading vessels after his father has been killed in a pirate raid. He swears to find and bring to justice the guilty pirates. How he succeeds, the adventures that befall him, and the romance in which he soon finds himself, all go to make a highly diverting, clean, fresh, galloping yarn. The surprising turn the book has in its closing lines is as ingenious as the book is interesting.

BALISAND. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. \$2.50.

Humming of bees in a garden, lavender twilight . . . romance . . . a love song become a sentimental memory . . . courage . . . a gentleman's word . . . a brace of perfectly balanced pistols . . . a man that ran without effort . . . high stakes a hazard . . . negro boatman chanting a low minor song pulling out across Mockjack Bay from Balisand to Todd Hundred . . . Sangaree. —J. E. M.

G—G—G

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM FALL AND WINTER LISTS.

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES, by Aldous Huxley; BALISAND, by Joseph Hergesheimer; THE NEEDLE'S EYE, by Arthur Train; A STORY TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson; THE GREEN HAT, by Michael Arlen; THE THREE HOSTAGES, by John Buchan; JULIE CANE, by Harvey O'Higgins; CHEZ-NOUS, by Adjutant Rivard; THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy; ARIEL, by Andre Maurois; THE PROWLER, by Hugh Wylie; PREJUDICES, Fourth Series, by H. L. Mencken; R.F.D. NO. 3, by Homer Croy; THREE PILGRIMS AND A TINKER, by Mary Borden; C, by Maurice Baring; THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; A PASSAGE TO INDIA, by E. M. Forster; SO BIG, by Edna Ferber; PLUMES, by Lawrence Stallings; BLIND RAFFERTY, by Donn Byrne; NINA, by Susan Ertz; THE DARK CLOUD, by Thomas Boyd; TALK, by Emanie Sachs.

—W. W. W.

G—G—G

Steamboat Captain (who has just fallen overboard) — Don't stand there like a dumb-bell. Give a yell, can't you?

College Stude Deckhand—Certainly, Sir. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Captain! —Clarton.

G—G—G

A certain senior had been bragging in the White House for over an hour about the excellence of his bootlegger's wares. Finally a quiet man who had been listening for some time arose with a bored expression and asked: "If this liquor is so good and so easy to get, why don't we see more of it around?"

"There is plenty of it," said the senior defensively. "I've got four cases right now myself, and—"

"Do you know who I am?" the stranger interrupted. "I am the district prohibition agent."

"You are?" said the senior. "And, of course, you know who I am. I am the biggest liar in this university."

—Punch Bowl.

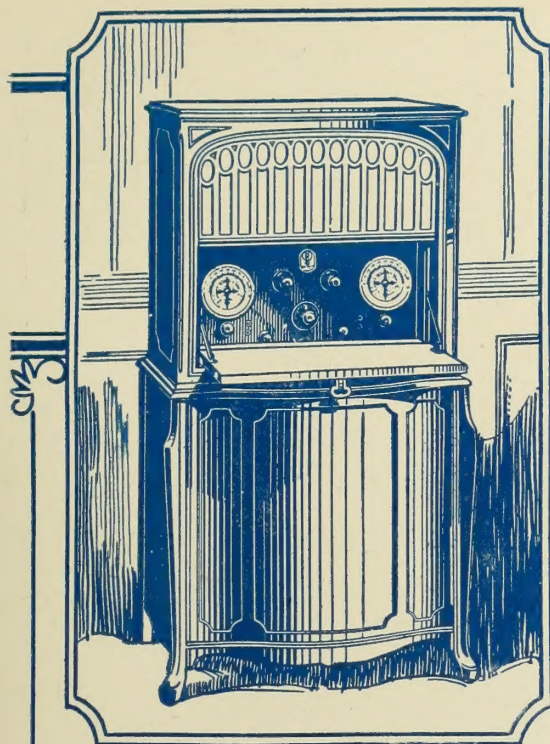
G—G—G

Efficiency

Caller: "Is the editor in?"

Office Boy: "No."

Caller: "Well, just throw this poem in the waste-basket for him, will you?" —Record.



Radiola Super VIII

*Receive far distant stations
without aerials or wires*

THE Radiola Super VIII will receive on its concealed loop more distant broadcasting stations than can be heard with most other sets which use an outdoor antenna.

The enjoyment of radio reception is now possible through the medium of a beautiful piece of furniture, as compact and simple to operate as a gramophone.

Once located, any station may be repeatedly selected at the same point, even though the set be removed to another locality. When the desired programme has been tuned in, the desk fall may be closed to conceal any suggestion of radio, thus leaving an exceptionally handsome piece of furniture from which music pours forth in clear, true melody.

Complete with six Radiotrons,
enclosed Loud Speaker, every-
thing except Batteries... \$560.00

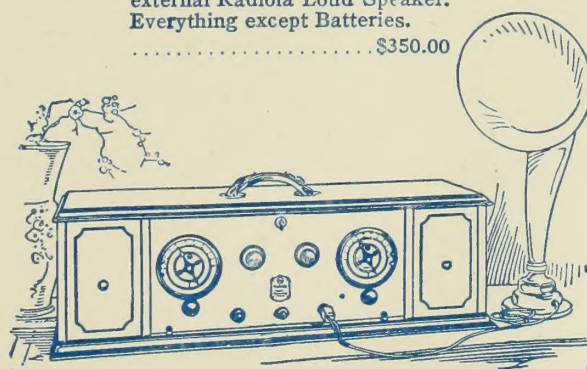
Radiola Super Heterodyne

The same Receiver in a semi-
portable cabinet with compart-
ments to hold the Batteries and
external Radiola Loud Speaker.
Everything except Batteries.

..... \$350.00



General Merchandising Dept.
**Canadian General Electric Co.,
Limited, Toronto, Ont.**
Please send me illustrated folder and
particulars regarding Radiolas.
Name.....
Address.....



"Made in Canada" by

Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Sales Branches in all Large Cities

RL 1



Patterson's Chocolates
Should appear
In every home
For Christmas Cheer.

